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Casting Out Fear

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE COW AND MILK BOOK
PATRIOTISM AND PLENTY
BREAD AND FANCY BREADS
SOUP, OYSTERS AND SURPRISES

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Casting Out Fear

By Flora Bigelow Guest

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Casting Out Fear

Casting out Fear

I.—The Paralysis of Fear

We can talk as we like, do as we like, but our only real power lies in what we are.

We become what we love. What we love we think about, and our thoughts are carved on our faces as firmly as on granite.

These thoughts are not only seen, but felt. They are live things, and radiate a current of good or evil, a positive or negative force.

When fear predominates, the current is negative. There is no strength in fear.

Fear is a canker of rapid and dangerous growth. The liar, the coward, the harlot, the lunatic, are all the results of the paralysis of fear.

Nearly everyone is gripped by some fear or another.

The fear of missing pleasure is responsible for most of the misery in the world.

The man becomes immoral through fear of ridicule, or the fear of someone doubting his manhood. Nine times out of ten the girl goes wrong because she is afraid of losing her lover.

The woman goes in fear down to the grave to bring her child into the world.

The child screams in fear of life, and in fear of not being fed, in fear of sleep. It never walks alone until it casts out the fear of falling down.

The fear of illness keeps three-quarters of the world sick, or slaves to drugs that leave the soul torpid and the body only half alive.

The fear of insanity drives many people into becoming crazy.

Fear of poverty makes the miser, who is one of the poorest creatures of the earth.

Fear of showing our feelings is responsible for much misunderstanding, and keeps us from being ourselves, in which lies a certain power, however poor a thing we are.

We have most of us put money in the plate at church because we were afraid not to, and we subscribe to many wastefully managed and unnecessary charities for the same reason.

Society is largely composed of people who are

afraid to stay at home in case other people should think they were never asked out, or for fear of their own thoughts. Hence so many bores.

The social climber never says an unkind word about anybody. He is afraid to. This negative kindness has no warmth.

The small soul whose body has crawled into a high place lives in terror of not appearing important. He surrounds himself with every external support of dignity and strews the world with portraits, statues and watering-troughs for fear he should be forgotten. The world is full of this negative philanthropy.

What thousands of women make themselves ridiculous from fear of advancing age!

The fear of death poisons the joy of life.

Now fear can always be cast out, because a negative force can always be replaced by a positive one. Everything in nature, everything in life, goes in pairs; beauty and ugliness, strength and weakness, love and hate.

Fear, which is negative, can be dispelled by the positive powers of hope, of faith, of understanding, and above all of love.

"Perfect love casteth out all fear." Love is

the supreme power, because God is Love.

The man who has conquered fear by whatever means, radiates strength, and we feel his power whether we want to or not, because it is vital and immortal.

The man who has conquered fear by love, himself radiates love. He has no need to preach or to condemn. He is instinctively merciful. Everyone is happier and better for knowing him.

If we all loved our neighbours as ourselves, sin would disappear.

In casting out fear we are born again. We are free.

I hear someone say: "Sorrow must come to us." Yes, sorrow must come; but let us face it, and remember it is all sent to us through Divine Love. When we cast out fear, sorrow enables us to touch God's Hand.

II.—Fear of Heredity

It is easy enough to sit down and say, "Yes, I acknowledge I am lazy. It's bred in the bone; we're all lazy."

"My father was a gambler; so how can you expect anything else of me?"

"My mother drinks. It's in the blood. I suppose my children will drink too."

"We are very proud of our ancestors; but the fact remains, that none of them had any morals; and what can I expect of my children when I couldn't control myself?"

"My great-grandfather had a talent for forgery, and if some big temptation came my way, I expect I should try it too."

"My great-aunt died of consumption. I'm afraid that'll be my end."

"My uncle committed suicide. Sometimes, on foggy days, I'm afraid to be left alone with a pair of scissors."

It is to me a very curious thing how people will accept and yield so complacently to the bad

tendencies they inherit, instead of dwelling on the good.

Everyone has four grandparents, eight great-grandparents and sixteen great-great-grandparents. Why select the chief rascal of the lot, even if he is the one of whom we know most, as the only one transmitting some influence to govern our lives?

And even if some physical, mental or moral weakness really is ours by inheritance there is no need to yield to it.

Everything in life is given to us in pairs, and close beside the impulse to yield there is also the power to resist.

Refuse to be gripped by the fear of your inheritance. Face it boldly and cast it out. If it is true that the rankest weeds grow in the richest soil, it is also true that the finest flowers will grow there too; but not without planting and cultivation.

We know that the spirit is stronger than the body, and that finite power is as nothing matched against infinite power, and nothing we can inherit from any human being can possibly be stronger than what we inherit from God. We are made in His image, and our faith in

Him gives us our faith in ourselves to overcome the accumulating sins of past generations and to create a strength for those that are to follow us.

How often we hear it said as an excuse for some indulgence: "It won't matter a hundred years hence."

Yet we believe that it does matter what our great-grandparents did and thought a hundred years ago. The principle of heredity works continuously; into the future as well as from the past, and the idea that nothing will matter a hundred years hence is destructive. Thoughts are immortal and do matter, for they go on into future generations.

By resisting the temptations that beset us, we can strengthen those who are still unborn. A vital and constructive thought current is eternal and will help not only our own descendants, but the world at large.

If everyone had more love in their hearts towards their fellow-creatures, and really wished to make it easier for those who come after us to be good, heredity would soon cease to be a bogey.

In the meantime, let us fight our inheritance

of evil and magnify our inheritance of good, not only for our own sakes, but for the sake of the unborn.

Just as the fights of the Hittites and the Amorites, of which we read in the Bible, went on from one generation to another, so we must continue to fight before we can have a real and lasting peace. We can save the future generations by the power of our love.

On our island in Canada, a nest one spring was built in the rain-water gutter that ran along the verandah roof. When the nestlings were nearly fledged, there came a great storm of thunder and lightning, with floods of rain. From my bed-room window I watched the mother bird stretch her frail wings as far as they would go. She strained every nerve to keep her new family safe and dry. Her head began to droop, but her wings remained firm. By and by, the rain ceased and the sun suddenly shone out. The mother bird was dead, but her family was safe and dry.

III.—Pre-Natal Fear

THE greatest plea for morality is that a child born in fear cannot be given a fair start in life; that passion without the sacredness of love brings an imperfect soul into the world—a soul with a pre-natal handicap.

Now when a man pursues a woman instead of protecting her, it is because he is filled with the fear of not getting enough pleasure out of life; and in this fear he kills not only his own moral sense and his self-respect, but the thing he loves best, which is his ideal of the woman.

This is equally true and even worse of the woman who pursues a man. But sentiment is only inspired by an ideal, and, curiously, the woman who is not able to hold a man's imagination will not hold his passions for long.

Passion destroys: love protects and creates. Love and faith are immortal qualities, and our link with the divine, and it is only when they are present in the relations between a man and

a woman that the highest type of mankind can be born.

No matter what we do for our children in life, we owe them an equal debt before they are born, a birthright of a clean soul and body, with love and happiness as a welcome into the world.

All of life that is worth living is in what we give, not what we get, and one of the greatest things we can give to the world, if given in a right spirit, is a human soul, not just a human body. It comes to us as a loan: it is born for a purpose, begotten through material joy, sanctified by spiritual love.

The woman who goes down to the grave to meet her newborn babe, goes only too often in terror where she should go in joy, casting out all fear, in the glory of love and the desire of giving a life to the world, not of taking a child for herself. Let us never forget that when motherhood is looked upon with terror, the child has a hard start in life, for it is not given spiritual freedom, and is therefore not thoroughly alive.

Cast out all fear of the coming child not being a boy, or not being a girl. Cast out all

fear of not being able to support it. Love is born with each child, and love will find out a way. If you love it enough and have faith, you will be able to support it. Love is ability. God does not give with one hand to take away with the other, and fatherhood and motherhood are among His richest gifts.

IV.—Educating Children in Fear

In looking back over the early education of many of our friends, how many of us will recall statements such as the following:

"The bogies will catch you if you aren't good."

"What will other little boys think if you do so and so?"

"Take care: the dog will bite you."

"Look out, or the horse will kick you."

"You'll get sunstroke if you play without a hat."

"I once knew a little boy who wiped his nose on his sleeve, and the devil gobbled him up."

"If you kiss your mother, other boys will laugh at you."

"If you speak too nicely to the servants, they will think you're not a lady."

"If you cry, everybody will laugh at you."

That is to say, that in the average training of young children, appeal is made, not to their

love and trustfulness, but to their fear. Whatever they do they are taught to do through fear of something else, not from any higher motive, or from following a big ideal.

This is especially true of the children of the rich, a large proportion of whom are always pursued by a nurse, herself in fear of something happening to them, or trying to save herself trouble. The result is that an average rich child of twelve years old is years behind the poor child of the same age, in the development of self-reliance and those qualities that make for good citizenship. Yet when it comes to a question of management, the child that is never lied to is seldom disobedient. If we tell the child what we mean, he responds in truth to us.

We have seen how a mother's fear will handicap her unborn child. Is it not equally wrong to educate it in the fear we have ourselves?

The pinched bodies and souls of millions of children in the world to-day are the result of this education in fear, which can only be counteracted by the positive education of love and understanding.

The horse kicks because he is afraid of the child, but danger ceases as soon as mutual love and understanding are established between them, and the same is true of the dog.

Thousands of children are almost grown up before they realise that the sun has any other function than that of causing sunstroke, or the wind than that of giving colds. In fact, the fear of the elements and the fear of ridicule are among the commonest fears there are.

Fear of ridicule is ingrained in millions of people and makes them always vulnerable. They dare not face it. They will sacrifice their friends, their ambitions, their ideals, if threatened with ridicule. A grown man will often fear being laughed at by someone to whose opinion on any other subject he would not pay the slightest attention.

How criminal it is, therefore, to foster such a fear in children! Teach them to be impervious to ridicule.

A boy who can stand ridicule becomes a leader of men, and has the world in his hand.

"Tell me what he laughs at, and I'll tell you what sort of man he is."

The man is what he loves, never what he

fears; for love is life and a positive force. Fear is negative and can be dispelled or conquered.

There is a Greek allegory that tells us how someone went to Love, who lived in a radiant castle, and complained that he should allow such a monster as Fear to dwell so nearly opposite. But Love, who had never seen Fear, could not believe it, so he suffered himself to be led out and shown the house where Fear dwelt.

Love searched the house in vain, and, coming out, said:

"You see you are wrong. Where Love enters, there is no such thing as Fear."

V.—Fear of the Elements

No wonder children are frightened of the water.

Their first associations with it are generally of baths either too hot or too cold, soap in their eyes, and of being spanked for getting their feet wet, while a little later they are taught to swim by some fool who tells them that if they do not do this or that, they will drown.

It does not seem to occur to the grown-up to stimulate a child's interest in the water by telling it of all the things that live in it and its endless uses. These things are only taught after the child has been gripped with the fear of it.

Yet the child that learns to play with water and in it from its babyhood, with the sponge or the paper boat in its bath, or with the boat it sails on the Round Pond, is seldom frightened when it starts to swim. Understanding and love have cast out fear.

Yet water, like fire, is an element that needs understanding, and is dangerous if not understood—and one of the first steps to that understanding may be taken by thinking of the elements as linking us up with the universe beyond.

Fire will burn you, but it has other uses, and comes originally from the sun. The sun may give you sunstroke, but it kills germs and makes the food and flowers grow. A cold wind may give you a cold if you are insufficiently protected against it, but it shakes the sap in the trees, and blows away the fog. Water may drown you, but the rain comes from the sky, and without it we should all soon die of drought.

Then as to the earth.

The child's instinct is to love the earth, and it wants to play with it and in it, until it is taught the fear of being dirty.

Lilies as well as weeds grow out of manure, and every real thing can produce something beautiful. Why should we be afraid of these things?

Remember that sun and water and air, as well as ourselves, are part of the great whole,

and are just as necessary to our souls as to our bodies, as necessary as our bones, skin and lungs.

This is the underlying truth in the old idea that we were all composed of the elements of earth, air, fire and water in varying proportions, our temperaments being governed by whatever element predominated.

Instead of fearing the elements, let us learn to understand them and to use them as they are meant to be used.

Instead of fearing water because we think it contains germs, or will make us fat, or drown us, let us remember that water is the most wonderful tonic in the world. Four glasses of cold running water from a tap or a spring, drunk slowly one after the other, will cure nearly every sort of headache there is. Just try it. Do not drink in fear, but in faith.

Water relaxes our nerves, brightens our eyes and skin, and washes our insides.

And as to drowning, it is fear that makes us sink. A horse, a cow or a dog can all swim instinctively, because they have not learnt to fear water, and cattle, having once swum to

save themselves, will swim again for pleasure, if they get a chance.

Let us understand that fresh air in our rooms is not only for the good of our bodies, but has a wholesome effect on our minds. Anyone who will stand by an open window and draw in slowly through the nostrils twelve long deep breaths night and morning, thinking with each breath of some good and helpful thing, will find the treatment often quite as beneficial as if not more so than a beauty doctor. No one is too poor to do this.

One of the advantages of living in an attic is that we can look at the sky without any obstructions, and drink from it God's great gift of fresh air with thanksgiving for every breath. To do this is to inhale something from the infinite.

VI.—Fear of Illness

I ONCE knew a woman in America who always changed her street car three times in going two miles, so as to run less danger of catching a contagious disease.

Another fear-gripped acquaintance, in Naples, burnt a sulphur candle in every cab she took, until the cabbies recognised her and all refused to take her. On being asked the reason for his refusal, an old driver looked at her pityingly and said:

"You probably don't know, Signora, how terribly you smell! Nobody will use the cab after you. They just open the door, screw up their noses, and send me away."

Then there are hundreds of people who will not take a house unless it is within a stone's throw of the brass plate on a doctor's door. They will pay a doctor just to tell them to go to bed, or not to eat so much; to get more sleep, or more fresh air and exercise. It seems a pity

that they have not sense enough to know when and how to do all this for themselves.

Nobody has a greater admiration and respect for the medical profession than I have, but like every other profession, abuses sometimes creep in, and a certain class of doctor flourishes by instilling fear into his patients and keeping them mentally tethered.

A doctor, if he is to be a good one, must understand human nature as well as his own science of medicine, and above all he must have faith in his own ability. He must create a mental current that carries to the patient helpful thoughts of recovery.

The doctor who says: "I give you just three months to live," and then boasts that he told his patient accurately, ought to buy a partnership in an undertaker's business.

Millions of people never think for themselves. They just think what they are told to think, and more or less by "doctor's orders" obediently live or die, or accept any disease without a kick.

Other doctors, however, so rarely give up hope that they put life into their patients by the very power of their faith, and to have this

power it is not necessary even to qualify as a doctor.

We are all better when we are with the people who believe us good; we are all cleverer with the people who believe us clever. We are all healthier with the people who believe us healthy; and even when ill and suffering, if those around us would only think of us in our perfect state, instead of letting their minds dwell on us in our imperfect state, we should suffer less and feel stronger.

Fear of illness keeps innumerable people from feeling well, and between fear and drugs and tonics and pick-me-ups, the hospitals and asylums and graveyards are overcrowded.

Now, someone may object that a bad lung, heart or kidney, a constant fever, a broken leg, earache or toothache, cannot be denied. That is quite true.

Pain cannot be denied, but it can be exaggerated. There are plenty of people who enjoy bad health, and love to talk and think about it. It seems to add to their importance. There are many rich women who send for a doctor because they cannot get any unpaid man to listen to their complaints.

There are also plenty of people who deplore their indigestion, and at the same time persist in eating too much and refuse to take more exercise. They prefer, perhaps unconsciously, indigestion to the exercise of self-control. There are also many people who consider themselves bed-ridden, who can walk fast enough if they hear that the house is on fire, or that a ten-pound note is hanging on the front door handle.

I am sure that extra strength is given us for extra emergencies; but there is no need to let the sick habit grow because you are afraid of getting worse. Face your trouble, whatever it is, and you are half-way to overcoming it.

If you are an invalid, or bed-ridden, what of it? You and I are only tools. We are meant to be of some use or we should not be alive. Just look around and find out for what purpose you are alive. If you discover what good thing you can bring into the lives of those around you, you will gain a great content.

Do not be afraid of being a burden or even talk about it, or you will become one. You can radiate cheerfulness and patience as thousands have done before you. You can carry

the message of love into your corner of the world. It is carried in gladness; it is also often carried in pain.

I sometimes think a cripple would brighten many a lonely house, whose occupants caper around all day and half the night, either for pleasure or too many good works, and whose tired owner always comes back to empty rooms. It is a great thing just to have someone whom you are sure of finding at home, and an invalid can be the centre of all the sunshine of the house.

Periods of depression and solitude are not necessarily an evil. Perhaps, like the bulbs, we grow our roots best in the dark.

Do not go through life in terror of catching diseases. If you have clean thoughts and lead a clean life, nine chances out of ten you will not catch them, and even if you do, you may be all the healthier for having had them. They may clear your system of some poison that was subtly working in it.

There is far more danger in associating with people whose minds are sewers than with people who have colds or fevers, because the evil thought currents that they generate will

penetrate and eat away the joy of real living things.

Many people see too much of those who devitalise them, because for some reason or other they are afraid to shun their society, and they are often mentally and spiritually starved and feel ill and depressed in consequence without knowing the reason why.

We need health, and we have a right to it.

VII.—Fear of Insanity

THERE is a great deal of energy squandered on the fear of insanity.

A very brilliant friend of mine killed himself in middle life. His father had done the same thing in what was supposed to be temporary insanity, also his grandmother. Now I do not believe for one moment that my friend was insane, or his father either. It was the fear of becoming insane that made them both shoot themselves without waiting to become so.

It is supposed to be kinder to say and believe that a man killed himself because he was insane, chiefly because this verdict secures burial in consecrated ground. But no good can come out of a lie, and the result is to bring discredit on a creed that tries, however unthinkingly, to fool God to please men. People are much too free in using a word which they do not fully understand, and so-called insanity is very often moral cowardice. It is the fear of pain, worry or disgrace, and the fear of becoming insane

that drives many people into killing themselves.

Now nearly every one at some period of his life thinks that he may be going insane, particularly after long sleeplessness, or an overwhelming grief or remorse. He does not talk about his fear, but it is there all the same.

It is high time that this matter of insanity was better understood.

Everyone knows that as an actual fact either the mind controls the body, or the body controls the mind. Real insanity is a disease of the brain: there is no control of the mind and reason. There is obsession by some sort of fear in an uncontrollable form.

Insanity is extremely rare, but an unbalanced condition is fairly frequent.

If we concentrate on some great feat of the physical body, at the expense of the brain and intellect, the brain becomes unbalanced, but we do not call this insanity. If we concentrate on a great intellectual task at the expense of the body, the brain becomes unbalanced, but we do not call this insanity, because both are fairly common conditions to which we are accustomed.

But we are apt to look upon anything out of the common as insanity, from a runaway mar-

riage with someone out of one's own class, to a murder or a suicide. Why not simply call it lack of moral courage, which is really fear of public opinion?

We might as well call anyone ruled by their particular fear insane, but so many people are thus ruled that we do not dare to. We reserve the term for some special uncommon fear, and as a result people are much too freely put away in asylums by ignorant or unprincipled friends, relations and doctors, who might readily be cured through love and understanding, being thus enabled to cast out their fear and regain faith in themselves.

I knew of a wonderful sanatorium in America where people could go who were worn out from overwork, worry or ill-health. Their brains were unbalanced from any of these various causes, simply because the body gained control of the brain instead of the brain controlling the body. The wonderfully sympathetic doctor and nurses did not humour the patients, but made them conscious of the best in themselves, and taught them to help and cure each other. This treatment and their simple life, with its quiet routine and early hours, effected

a cure in each and all after a stay of from one to twelve months. Ignorant people might have called some of these patients insane, but in point of fact no insane people were admitted.

As we learn to understand the working of the independent brain, a great deal of what is called insanity will practically disappear.

Again, we call one person original, and another eccentric, though both are doing precisely the same thing, much as we call a poor person a thief, and a rich person a kleptomaniac.

The original person acts without fear; the eccentric person in fear, either in fear of not being enough observed, or in fear of being thought crazy.

Stand at the street corner, and look at the sky for five minutes at the same hour every day. If you are afraid of being thought crazy, you will collect a crowd and have all the authorities trying to shut you up. The moment you do not mind being thought crazy, and laugh at them all, they will feel crazy themselves, and disappear.

If a barmaid behaves like a duchess from the fear of not being thought enough of, we call her insane and treat her accordingly. But if

a duchess behaves like a barmaid, we say how natural and simple she is. She is so sure of her position that she is not afraid of what anybody thinks. I am not advising these lines of conduct, but only drawing attention to them.

Cast out the fear of insanity. Remember that we cannot get crazy if we are not afraid of being crazy.

Do not do crazy things because you think the day will come when you will do them anyway, or because someone else did. That is just the slavery of fear.

Do not be afraid of doing what you believe right, because someone else will think you crazy. Remember that most people never think, except what you suggest to them to think.

If your bodily passions have for the moment gained control of your brain, do not excuse the condition by calling it insanity. There is no strength in a lie. These emotions are only ephemeral, and can be overcome by love and faith and a sense of humour.

Christ, in the country of the Gadarenes, cast the devil out of a man, and the evil spirit entered a herd of swine that ran away down a steep place and fell into the sea.

Now men—or swine—possessed by the devil of fear, by whatever name we choose to call it, are headed for destruction, and can only be saved by the power of divine love.

VIII.—Fear of Sleep

LITTLE children are often afraid of going to sleep, as older people are afraid to die.

Grown-up people often fear sleep lest they should miss something. They think they could learn more by longer hours of study; gain more wealth by harder hours of toil; grab more happiness by longer hours of pleasure. Yet those who rob themselves of sleep cripple their own pinions.

Sleep is not a waste of time: it is a harvester of strength. Lack of sleep is a greater source of illness than people realise, and continual sleeplessness produces not only depression, but insanity.

Sleep is just as necessary to the soul as to the body. Statistics prove that no great crimes have been committed immediately after waking, but only after long hours of wakefulness. And we know from experience that judgment is clearest, just as remorse is bitterest, directly after sleep.

If we sleep over a difficult question, confronting our perplexities overnight, but not attempting to solve them, we often wake with the solution on our lips. We know, too, that sometimes on waking in the morning we can remember what we had forgotten for days or even years.

Our thoughts, desires or prayers grow to be a part of us during sleep, and our intention on retiring is on waking transformed into a firm purpose or conviction.

Swedenborg says that every man has two memories, the exterior proper to the body, and the interior proper to the soul.

Now, in sleep, the body and the exterior memory are at rest, but the soul is free. It receives a divine message: it converses with other spirits. It gets and imparts ideas which are registered in the interior memory.

What we call intuition or inspiration is really a prompting by the interior memory or subliminal self. The exterior memory needs articulation and language to express itself. The interior memory makes us understand in any and every language through space, in life, or in death.

Elihu said to Job:

"God is greater than man. Why dost thou strive against Him? . . . God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then He openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction, that He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man; He keepeth back his soul from the pit, and his life from perishing by the sword."

The deluded people who curtail their natural period of sleep by pleasure, stimulants or drugs, or who drug themselves to induce an artificial and purely material sleep, wake in the morning half-starved spiritually.

They have to think out their problems and perplexities with their own finite brains, which never carried any man very far. They are robbed of their great strength because the inner memory is unable to deliver its full message from God.

Let us, therefore, cast out all fear of sleep and above all let us teach our children to love and understand its use and blessedness.

They should never be scolded or punished at

night. Their little hearts should be free from hatred or anger. Their thoughts should be peaceful and happy. When preparing for bed they should have no bright light or noise to inflame the nerves and material senses. They should say their prayers at the knees of those whom they love best, and be taught that angels guard their beds.

Make them realise the pleasure of beautiful dreams; and that bad ones are generally due to their eating what and when they should not.

And for ourselves, let us remember that a sleeping person is spiritually more sensitive than a waking one, and that if we pray at our children's bedsides for their strength to overcome any faults or temptations, we create a thought current that passes into their inner memories and vitalises and strengthens their souls.

IX.—Fear of Poverty

THE pleasures of getting are very small compared with the pleasures of giving.

The material miser hoards and pinches. He cannot give any pleasure because he is only thinking of what he can save by not spending on himself or those around him. The mental miser will hardly give you the benefit of a doubt. He gives out no love and gladness. He is afraid to share any joy with his neighbour in case it is not enough for two. He is like the man who was so mean he would not even give his friend the measles when he had them.

Fear of poverty for body or soul is behind them both, and if we allow this fear to possess us, we open the door for mean thoughts, failure, and terrible loneliness.

I knew a woman who married at seventeen and saved her wedding dress to be buried in. Within five years she had grown so fat that if she had died, and been arrayed in the dress she intended, she would, for modesty's sake,

have been obliged to lie face downwards in her coffin. Within fifteen years the delicate white chiffon dress turned yellow and began to rot away in spots. She is still alive, and fatter than ever. I think a rag-merchant got the dress.

Some people have a mania for saving for a rainy day. I suppose they look on life as one long flood, and forget the sun in spying out the puddles. Yet the fear of poverty is like every other fear. It can be cast out by love and a patient effort to understand it.

Poverty is unintelligent and mostly unnecessary. Its degree is measured by our helplessness.

Even if we are poor and have champagne tastes with a beer income, what is the matter with earning money if we need it? There is plenty of money in the world, and we share equally the time to earn it in.

Thousands of people stay poor because they think that labour is degrading. Abraham Lincoln was not afraid to chop wood or to tend the neighbour's baby. No labour has the power to degrade.

Fight the fear of poverty with the weapons

of competence. We all know women who will put up with bad food, become irritable and prematurely grey, and perhaps lose their husbands and children through sheer discomfort or illness, instead of spending an hour a day for a few months studying domestic science.

They will refuse to marry the man they love because they are afraid of poverty; or they will marry for money a man whom otherwise they would not touch with the tongs.

To cook, wash and iron can be as great a pleasure as any other work, and to master these simple arts robs poverty at once of its greatest terrors.

The people who live in fear of not having everything just like their neighbours are always poor, and so are the people who do not pay their bills. No matter how well they dress or run their houses, they diffuse poverty. You feel they are poor, and are only depressed by their elegance.

Pretentiousness is the tragedy of small incomes.

Yet in contrast to this, hundreds of small homes are happy, cheery and attractive because

a capable mother, in her love of her home, has mastered its management.

With a more sensible attitude towards honest toil, I believe we could envy comparative poverty as we now do comparative wealth.

Cast out all fear of poverty. You can make money, or you can live on what you have, and be happy.

Be ready to share what you have got. Mean, stingy thoughts keep you poor. Have generous ones.

Do not sponge on rich friends and relations, and become a social beggar.

Poverty is often a blessing in disguise, and the monster can be house-broken when recognised and understood.

Then let us think of a better name.

X.—Fear of Public Opinion

WHAT we think of ourselves is much more important than what anyone else thinks of us. Yet fear of public opinion has caused most of the sin and suffering in the world.

It is the fear of public opinion that makes the moral coward.

The average child is unwisely taught not to cry for fear of what So-and-So will think of him, and, as a boy at school, is afraid to kiss his mother before his fellows, and afraid not to listen to filthy stories.

The young man begins drinking because he is afraid to be thought a prig. He becomes a drunkard and then a liar through the fear of being found out, and the nation turns good food into poison for his benefit.

The girl educated in fear yields her lips to her admirer for fear of being thought a prude; and from this beginning the women's hospitals in our large cities are crowded.

The weak, selfish man bullies his wife be-

cause he is afraid the world will not realise that he is boss. Yet she would be far more likely to love the man who kicks and beats her without caring a d—— for public opinion.

People give thousands of pounds or pennies to charities mostly because they are afraid not to. They put half a crown in the plate at church and sixpence in the bag. Yet money given in fear of public opinion can do no good at all to anyone, any more than money gained dishonestly can bring happiness.

Thoughts are the real power of life, and it is the motive that counts in what we do. People who are good because they are afraid to be bad have no moral strength, and they radiate neither strength nor warmth. They are moral ghosts.

Now the fear of public opinion is as unnecessary as any other fear.

What is public opinion? Most people do not think at all, anyway, or if they do, think only what they are told to think.

The man who has cast out all fear, and has faith in himself, creates public opinion. The more we can have like him the better.

If we say what we believe, and do what we say, the world is in our hands.

"Hitch your chariot to a star." You may not be spared the jolts, but the direction is sure to be right.

XI.—Fears That Go with Wealth and Worldly Position

THE fears that go with wealth and worldly position are simply a form of the fear of public opinion.

To a certain type of brain, a great gentleman is one who is unable to shave himself; and a great lady one who lives exactly as her servants think she ought to. This standard should not be encouraged.

Only the really great man dares be very simple. He does not try to make you feel a fool for the sake of augmenting his own cleverness. He does not need to trample on anyone to boost himself up. He can afford to be nice to you because he is secure.

But the small man in the high place needs a great deal of bolstering up in the shape of pomp and ceremony. He has crawled up on to his pinnacle of fame by treading on his friends or kicking them aside, and he rocks there unsteadily with fear clutching him by the scruff of the neck.

He mistakes position, which is material, for influence, which is a spiritual power. Expedience instead of principle is his motto, and fear his only master, and he spends most of his life complaining that he is not properly appreciated. He is a small, unreal and ephemeral thing, because his fear destroys his moral strength, and neither press comments, nor a big funeral, nor a lying epitaph, can increase his ultimate value.

The big man, however, has wisdom where the small man has only wits. He does not worry about impressing the world with his importance, because no matter what creed he professes he realises in his heart that he is only a tool, to be used by God for the service of the world.

How much better it is to be too big for a small position than too small for a big one.

There is also a certain worldly position that goes with great wealth.

The fear of gaining money is as scarce as the love of losing it; but many rich people have a real fear of not getting credit for their wealth.

I have known women break down in health because they changed their clothes so many times a day. They tired themselves right out,

and fatigue and mental starvation made them anything but cheerful companions.

The social climbers only indulge in smart acquaintances. If you go to a ball where there are no frumps, you can be sure that the people who give it are just struggling into society, and are afraid to ask any but the ultra fashionable.

I knew a comparatively poor American girl who married a young millionaire, and her one idea of keeping her husband faithful to her was to polish her finger-nails and wear entire lace underclothes, which were irritating both to her skin and her temper. She soaked in two hot baths a day, reeking with the most expensive bath salts. She built a larger house than any of her neighbours had, and she filled the new house, which looked like an asylum, with new friends, being particularly rude to her husband's common and real ones.

The upshot of it was that her husband soon preferred his typist, who cooked a supper for him on the gas-stove in her bed-sitting room, and fed him under a student's lamp, with the cat and the dog and the parrot.

How few people with lots of money are either healthy or happy. They get selfish, con-

descending or purse-proud, or they make themselves ridiculous by trying to impress the world with their importance.

As someone once remarked: "You can see how little the Lord thinks of money when you see the kind of people He gives it to."

Now the real power of money lies not in the money itself, but in the thought it represents, just as man's real nourishment comes from the sun, and the food we eat is only a medium.

Wealth honestly gained and sensibly used is a power and a blessing, but how seldom this is.

In some way or another we have to pay for everything we get in this world; and the toll exacted for wealth is only too often a great fear that gobbles up the joy of it, or a swarm of social leeches.

XII.—Fear of Servants

You can never forget a dog has fleas when he scratches himself constantly.

Some people never let you forget they have servants. They parade them at the front door, and seize every opportunity for showing them off; and all the time you can tell by their voice, manner and expression in speaking to them, that they are really terribly afraid of them.

They are afraid the servants will not be sufficiently impressed with their superiority and power; afraid they will realise how dependent their employers are on them; they are even afraid of getting fond of them. It would be so undignified.

I knew a woman who, in spite of her chronic catarrh, discarded her usual unromantically warm dressing-gown for a low-necked and short-sleeved creation in satin and chiffon, in fear of her new luxury disguised as a French maid.

And another acquaintance, whose maid in-

sisted on her having a specially elaborate set of underclothes whenever she travelled, for fear of a railway accident, and the intimacy of identification. It was the same maid who carried a special nightgown for her mistress's constant visits to smart house-parties. It was never used, but it was laid out for the purpose of impressing the other maids when they investigated the ladies' rooms.

And there are plenty of people who only dress for dinner to impress the butler, footman, parlourmaid, or general.

The result of this fear is that we usually run our houses just as the servants want us to run them. They give us the outward respect we demand; but they do not trust us any more than we trust them, and the chances are that they take from us what they think we unlawfully hold from them, and call it by another name, like the nigger that stole chickens first from instinct and then from habit.

Suppose you have a good cook. You are afraid to find fault with anything in case she might leave you. You are afraid of her because you know nothing about cooking yourself.

If you can only afford a bad cook, you ac-

cept the food like a martyr, instead of putting some energy into learning domestic economy, so as to be able to teach or replace her. You are afraid she might resent it, and would sooner have your household poisoned than let the cook suspect you are not a real lady. You console yourself by thinking how economical she is because she starves the servants.

You suspect she occasionally carries food home to her relations, but you overlook it for fear she should ask for less ridiculously small wages.

Your cook tells you that the kitchen range eats coal, and as you have no idea whether a range eats, sucks or chews coal, at the rate of two or ten scuttles a day, you skimp coals upstairs, and incidentally put temptation in an underpaid servant's way.

If she sells the fat and throws away the bones, instead of making soup, you really do not know. You are afraid to inquire.

What sort of a house do you expect to run on fear?

If you understood labour yourself, and were really honest, you would be ashamed to withhold from your servants what they honestly

earned. What thanks does the servant get who saves her mistress from £10 to £40 a year?

Now to be perfectly fair, we really owe a great deal to faithful servants, and there are thousands of them in the world.

The children of the upper classes, except for their actual birth, frequently owe nearly everything to the love and devotion of their nurses—their health, their morals, and their love.

Children of the middle and lower classes are more fortunate, because they are more often with their parents, and the personal love and companionship give them a wonderful start in life.

The upper classes have not yet realised the advantages of this, and we sometimes see a mother jealous of her child's love for its nurse, instead of being grateful that some human being has taught the child the greatest lesson and strength in life: to love. She herself does not understand the health or sickness or care of children, and she has no great love to help her, but she suddenly feels helpless and afraid, and in desperation she will sometimes change the nurse, hoping that the child will love her more if it has a nurse it loves less.

Poor ignorant woman! Love is boundless, and the more you love, the more you can love. The child's love of even a dog, a bird, a rabbit or a doll, helps to develop a real live man or woman:

Down in de pens, even old hens
Cuddles dey babies motherless friends—
Learn to love something each day more:
Lord! What else are we living for?

Occasionally our servants are hostile to us. They are our enemies and they must be met as such. Do not attempt to conciliate them through fear. Either dismiss them at once, or use the weapons of understanding and love.

A really disagreeable or dishonest servant is worse than a leper in the house.

The war is teaching us to appreciate labour as we never did before, because all classes have joined hands to do their utmost to win.

To-day all real useful people belong to the labouring classes, in whatever rank they were born, and those who cannot work just do not count. The world is learning to understand labour at last, and love of it is casting out fear.

XIII.—Fear of Enemies

NOBODY has any power to hurt us but ourselves, and most of us are our own worst enemies.

Some people are so afraid of making enemies that they hardly screw up courage to make a friend.

You and I know people who never say an unkind word about anyone, though they sometimes look ready to bite. They are probably social climbers, and hope to get more worldly advantages and land themselves safe in society. These people never really radiate love or kindness, because their motive is the negative one of expediency rather than the positive one of principle or sincerity.

By casting out the fear of making enemies we often make two friends instead of one, just as by casting out the fear of losing a friend we strengthen our friendship.

What of the enemies we already have? We sometimes fear they can hurt us, and try to get

in a blow at them first. We might as well fight the shadow on the wall by beating our head against it.

It is as futile to pursue an enemy as it is to pursue happiness, and as wrong. If we do not deserve abuse it is powerless to hurt us, and in any case it is sure to re-act on the abuser.

Take the first steps towards casting out fear of your enemies by considering the cause of their enmity. It may be something wrong in you or something wrong in them. Probably it is something wrong in both, but look upon them as possible friends when mutual misunderstandings are cleared up, and as educators, striving to avoid in ourselves what we dislike in them.

We shall soon learn how much we owe them and learn to love them.

XIV.—Fear of War

When the great Italian tragedienne, Dusé, was asked by her little daughter what life was, she is said to have answered: "Life, my child, is only a test of courage."

This is very true, and those who fear war fear life, and do not understand it. For all life, from the cradle to the grave, is a material war for a spiritual peace, war on our passions, our egoism, vanity and selfishness. All unhappiness and ill-health in life come from not fighting our weaknesses in some form or another.

The peace that comes because we fear war is no real peace. It is cowardice. Peace comes after conquest.

A war of aggression is wrong, and we should only tolerate war when made for the sake or love of peace.

When war is necessary, only good comes of it. The moment it is not necessary, harm comes from it, materially and spiritually.

This is as true for the nation as for the individual.

Unless we cast out all fear we can never conquer, and unless we conquer we can never have a lasting peace.

XV.—Fear of Peace

THE fear of peace and of the problems of peace often prolong wars and family feuds long after their original causes have been forgotten.

Quarrels of any sort, whether between nations or individuals, arise out of misunderstanding, and just as a sharp thunderstorm clears the air, they have their use if they do not last too long.

A criminal is at war with society. A short time in prison usually does him good. Leave him there too long and he becomes hardened, and plans further crime.

War can do the world good. It transfigures ordinary mortals into heroes and heroines. It awakens a thought current of self-sacrifice and self-control, of facing one's God, inspired by a high ideal.

But there is such a thing as fighting too long and getting so drunk with blood that our vision of the ideal we were fighting for becomes blurred or blotted out.

Now a war may arise from various causes: from wanting to grab something you have no right to; from a fear of peace, or a struggle for freedom.

If the cause is a legitimate one, we desire conquest only for the sake of peace, and then surely we must reach out and accept a just and lasting peace without fear the moment we feel it is possible. We must use reason, justice and understanding in dealing with a nation as with an individual. Such a peace cannot fail to be a strong one.

But we have no right to expect the enemy to be just to us if we will not be just to them. We cannot say one thing and do another. There is no strength in that; neither can it result in a real peace.

All the armies in the world cannot bring about a lasting peace based on unfair dealings and false diplomacy.

Nor is there any strength in a war started or prolonged through fear of peace, any more than there is strength in a peace made in fear of war.

When the fear of peace is made commander-in-chief, our transfigured heroes degenerate

into animals inflamed with hate, mad with blood and fury.

Expediency takes the place of principle, and Christianity is mocked by a sham patriotism.

Conquest does not necessarily mean peace, any more than it implies war or war conquest. We can conquer most surely as individuals or nations through the power of our love and understanding.

XVI.—Fear of Ridicule

THE fear of ridicule is the devil's trump card.

How many happy friendships have been broken up through teasing.

A man is sometimes afraid to ask the woman he loves to marry him, because he is afraid either that she will laugh at him or that his friends will laugh because he has not made a better choice. And in middle life he wonders people are not happier, and decides it is really a question of liver.

Other men have been laughed into ruining a woman's life.

"Tell me what you laugh at and I'll tell you what you are."

Lots of people enjoy laughing at others who live in constant fear of others laughing at them; but to have no fear of ridicule, we must be able to enjoy a joke on ourselves, as well as anyone else.

To have no fear of ridicule is the strongest armour we can buckle on, and as soon as a man

does not mind being laughed at nobody wants to laugh at him.

Goodness and morals are so often held up to ridicule that people do not always recognise that the degree of virtue depends entirely on the motive that prompts it.

We all know the flat-chested dyspeptic young curate who is the butt of the music-hall stage. He is not ridiculous because he is good, but because he is typical of the man who is only virtuous from fear or ill-health, and not from love of his fellow-creatures. What good can a parson do the world who has only chosen his vocation because he was afraid he had not brains enough for anything else?

There is no religion in mere form, whatever form or strength there is in religion.

Nobody is so modest as the woman who is badly made. But this is not a modesty she need be proud of. No one is so virtuous as the unattractive, but there is no strength in their virtue.

The goodness of the moral coward is always a joke. The saint is respected by all.

When we cast out all fear of the ridicule of goodness, we can be sure that no man or woman will be the worse for our having lived.

XVII.—Fear of Responsibility

THE fear of responsibility keeps most of us mediocre.

We constantly hear people say: "Oh, I couldn't undertake this or that—it's too much responsibility. I haven't enough training or experience or brains."

This is sheer lack of faith. If God sends us opportunities, He sends us strength to make use of them.

It is no use sitting at the bottom of a ladder and wishing we were at the top, or expecting anyone to push us up. We must climb alone.

There are also a great many people who are afraid of the responsibility of making up their own minds, and they ask advice because they want to be able to blame somebody else for their mistakes. Consult with whom you like, but never let anybody but yourself make up your own mind.

Do not be afraid to burn your boats behind you. Cast out the fear of responsibility, or

you are making a collar and chain for the devil to lead you by.

The power to succeed will be yours in proportion to your desire. We are what we love, and can be what we want to be. You cannot want to be good and be bad; or want to be bad and be good.

"Low aim, not failure, is a crime."

No responsibility weighs so heavily after we have prayed and slept over it.

XVIII.—Fear of Consequences

How many people cripple their own enterprise for fear of the consequences. You will hear them say:

"I wanted to start in business for myself, but I was afraid of risking my capital."

"I wanted to leave my husband as I knew his influence was bad on my children, but I was afraid I should lose my social position if I did."

"I wanted to earn my own living, but I was afraid of what people would say."

They do not seem to realise that the consequences of their *not* doing what they think right, or even advisable for their worldly prosperity, may be much more terrible than if they had made the plunge.

Consequences, of one sort or another, are always with us and cannot be ignored.

There are very few people who will take any stand in life, and say:

"Yes, I said or did that, because I believe

it is right, and I am ready to accept the consequences."

Yet whoever can say it honestly is encircled at once with a vital thought current of truth that is better than chain armour. The person who compromises, states half-truths, and timidly creeps about the world trying to convince the public of some idea which he only partially believes himself, has no positive thought current, only a negative vacuum for conflicting ideas to enter.

To fear consequences is to fear the future and to doubt God's love.

XIX.—Fear of Failure

THE fear of failure keeps most people from achieving anything really worth while. It saps all their energy and punctures their ideals.

The negative flag is hoisted and the positive flag hauled down.

Now let us look the question of failure squarely in the face.

Suppose we do fail. "Low aim, not failure, is a crime." A real failure is better than a sham success. And a real failure is often the firmest foundation for a real success.

How many men have failed in business, literature or art, and then made a great success? They loved their work and simply could not give it up, and having sense enough to know it was no good, they went on striving until it became good.

In playing golf you must keep your eye on the ball to be a good player. If you take your eye off the ball, and look all round the course, at a stream here and a thicket there, and won-

der how you will ever find the ball again if it gets lost in a long shot, you are no good as a player and never will be.

Now it is just the same with the game of life. There is no such thing as chance or luck.

The laws of the spiritual world are just as certain as the laws of the natural world, and two and two make four in both.

It may be true that if you fail in one thing you will be better at another, but do not be on the look-out for failure.

Bizet, the composer, killed himself because *Carmen* was not an immediate success. Triumph does not always come with a flourish of trumpets like a circus to a country town.

There is also the person who fears failure and refuses to recognise it when it faces him.

He dwells in the high society of mediocrity, and is much to be pitied. He hugs his artistic temperament, and makes it an excuse for a selfish life, long hair and degenerate friends, and blames the world for not admiring him more. He knows nothing of the agony of real genius in travail, or of the terrible depression of unfulfilled ambitions, because he will not face the truth. His conceit stunts his normal

growth, and if he knows nothing of great depression, neither does he know the ecstasy of success.

Genius is the link between earth and heaven, and the fire of genius burns up the fear of failure. Genius conquers all around it, whether it is the genius of art, or the genius of character, which is the victorious attitude toward life.

Now do not let the monster, fear, grab you at the base of the brain, and make you disgorge the opportunity right in your mouth.

Make no mistake about it. God gives every one of us opportunities every day of our lives, and with the opportunity the freewill to accept it or refuse.

Cast out all fear. You cannot fail.

XX.—Fear of One's Own Thoughts

How many people there are who hate to be left alone for fear of their own thoughts.

Now thought is at once the language and the food of the soul. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

It is a waste of energy to say pleasant things to anyone while you are thinking disagreeable ones.

The statesmen who make secret treaties and try to fool their countries can only expect chaos. Men who think one thing, do another, and believe nothing, may have careers of meteoric brilliance, but they will soon be swallowed up in the night of their own hypocrisy.

Thought currents are stronger than material action. Every brain and spirit radiate thought currents that travel on through space and eternity.

Our thoughts are real live things that go out from us and create an atmosphere. They permeate our clothes and our houses.

You like to wear the clothes you had a good time in. You associate a chair, a desk or a book with some loved one who has passed away, and when you look at it you are conscious of their thoughts still living in it. In some houses we feel only gladness; in others, vice seems ground into the very walls.

Oh, the dreariness of certain rooms, full of velvets, tapestries and *objets d'art,* where evil thoughts and dirty joyless minds have permeated the atmosphere!

We are all sensitive to the atmosphere created by thought.

How much more intelligent we all appear with the people who think us intelligent. We are happier with the people who are glad to see us.

A critical hostess, who thinks of her guests as merely a tiresome duty, or as bores, does not contribute to the cheerfulness of her party.

Some of us are more sensitive than others to this mental atmosphere, and often know what people are thinking without the medium of language—but mercifully, not always. Before, in the process of evolution, we learn to discard the spoken language altogether, let us

hope that people will be more careful what they think about than they are at present.

When a person is within our range, we can box his ears or stroke his hair. We can also sit in silence by a friend or a stranger and radiate a cheerful thought current or a depressing one. As yet this is very little understood.

Now we should be able to control our thoughts just as we control our arms and legs unless the brain is paralysed. We should be able to put them aside like clothes for which we have no immediate use.

Do not give any storage room to fear. It opens the door for hatred, envy and many other undesirable tenants. They are destructive. Cast them out. If you let them all in, no wonder you are afraid of your own thoughts.

If we flee from our thoughts, they pursue us, and become a nightmare. If we face them, whatever they are, we develop the strength of purpose that governs our actions.

We are careful to eat what nourishes the body. Should we not be equally careful to think what nourishes the soul?

Dyspepsia may give us unpleasant thoughts, but unpleasant thoughts may also give us dys-

pepsia, and ill-digested thoughts may give us a sort of mental dyspepsia.

Learn to understand and love your thoughts. Do not be afraid to think, any more than you are afraid to grow.

Do not be afraid of depression. It may be due only to mental growing pains. Depression is generally only another name for soul-hunger. Never try to numb it with drugs or stimulants.

Feed your soul with clean, uplifting thoughts, and take what nature allows in the way of fresh air and sleep. A good night's rest is a great cure for depression. Face your depression or your indecision without fear, and go to bed with the honest desire for God's help. You will wake in the morning feeling spiritually nourished, calmer, happier and better balanced.

Perhaps you are haunted by remorse for something you have done. Try to undo it. If it cannot be undone, make what amends you can. Spend no energy on remorse, only on progress. Look on your mis-spent moments as fertilisers, and give them a decent burial.

Then tear out the weeds from this wonderful garden of thought, and make it beautiful

and clean. Remember that each thought bears flowers and fruit that go out into the weary world with a message.

Even the refuse is of use if you understand that it really is refuse. Make it fertilise your garden. Do not waste time in regret that there is so much of it. Food and flowers can grow through the manure heap. Even if it has to be burnt, remember the value of the ashes.

XXI.—Fear of Truth

THE liar is always a negative person. He or she has various hallmarks and is easily recognised. They seldom give offence; they have a vacant look in their eyes, and either a slippery handshake, or one so hearty that you want to kick them. They seldom believe anything they hear, and they have no faith in human nature because they know human nature would be mighty silly to trust the like of them.

There is an atmosphere about a group of liars, such as one feels in jails, and no luxurious drawing-room can disguise it. Liars lose their instinct for truth, just as we should lose the use of our arms and legs if we did not constantly exercise them.

The motives of the liar are varied. Sometimes he lies because he is kindly and afraid to hurt one's feelings, and sometimes because he is cruel and wants to get others blamed for his mistakes; sometimes he lies from expediency; often to increase his self-importance and be-

cause he likes to be thought in the know of startling things and to get himself asked about.

Whatever the motive, however, every lie arises out of fear of the truth.

And the actual falsehood may not matter so much as our allowing the monster, fear, to guide us and to gain control of our entire will-power.

Fear of the truth turns us into creatures that simply do not count for more than a very short time; and lying is a particularly contagious complaint too. This is why so many people's brilliant careers are as ephemeral as the shad-fly. They get puffed up with their own importance, and forget that truth is the only accurate standard of proportion.

They build their temples of fame on shifting sand, and in their egoism forget to reckon with the winds of heaven. No man has any say in the control of the elements, but every one is free to choose his own foundations, and his building will only endure if founded on the rock of truth.

This is the rock on which real Christianity is built.

The churches grow emptier instead of fuller

simply because some clergymen do not live up to what they preach or demand of their congregations.

The whole strength of a man is in what he is, and he is what he believes and believes what he loves.

Truth is a positive force. The man who believes in what he says or does—whether you and I agree with him or not—has the world in his hand, and will always, in the long run, master the people who follow expediency or the line of least resistance.

I wondered for a time why truth was so all-important, and then I came upon this passage, which I should like to quote here. It relates my father's, John Bigelow's, vision of truth in a dream.

"The human mind can conceive of no time when 2 + 2 began to be 4 or will cease to be 4. It never could have been, nor can it ever be otherwise.

"God is infinite truth. The above result is necessarily a part of God, because it is a necessary part of infinite truth. To suppose a power of denying that 2 + 2 make 4 is to suppose a

power of denying all truth, which is not supposable.

"In other words," he adds, "God is a state or Composition of all the qualities necessary to perfection, and which, like a mathematical axiom, never could be more or less at any time."

It is impossible for fear and truth to dwell together, for the windows of truth let in the light and sunshine of God's love, and perfect love casteth out all fear.

XXII.—Fear of Old Age

We grow older from fear of old age faster than from advancing years.

Terror will not keep us young, however. We have all seen the sunken dull eyes of women with painted rosy cheeks. I am all for art—when it really does help beauty, but no art will preserve youth as well as young thoughts can.

The ideal of youth or youthfulness is not an undeveloped state, but of life at its fullest. This is the true immortality of youth, and eternal youth lives in faith, love and kindness.

The most unattractive old person is the one with an overfed body and a starved soul.

Now age in itself is not ugly. Some women never have any beauty at all until they have turned forty. It is the dreary sour face of which people say: "How she has aged."

This horrible sordid look which some older people get is spiritual death, because it reflects all the sordid material aspects of the flesh, which are not immortal, which die, like all evil

things, because they are not real or true.

Then of others we say: "How young they seem," because they have a real zest for life, and radiate thought currents of happiness and love. A sham youthfulness is not worth much, but the feeling of youth is glorious, and can be cherished indefinitely.

Some people, parents especially, while they are afraid of old age, are also afraid of their own youthfulness. They suppress it, because they think they will be more dignified and command greater respect. Now you cannot make your children respect you unless you are worthy of respect. Most children respect their parents more than they deserve, anyway.

Do not be afraid of being young with them. Do not pretend you never did wrong, because you know it is a lie, and there is no strength in lies.

Let them feel that just as you and I have conquered after failures, so can they. "They can all become what we might have been." Remember that if you suppress your own youth, you may suppress theirs, too.

There are plenty of compensations in growing older. If you are a woman, it is even some

compensation to be no longer followed in the street!

Most people would dread old age less if they understood how the youthfulness of the body really may be preserved, not so much by the use of cosmetics and poisonous hair-dyes, but by the understanding and generous use of such simple elementary things as sunshine, air, water and a great deal of sleep.

Every animal likes a sun-bath. It not only makes him feel well, but happy.

If we could let our naked bodies bask in the sunshine occasionally, we should all feel younger and better for it. We cannot walk about the streets naked, but we might have places open to the sky in the country, or on our roofs in cities, with a screen in case of air-raids!

The sun not only kills germs, but it is the material warmth of Divine love, and the actual nourishment of the body. The food we eat is only its medium. Nikola Tesla, the great scientist, claims that as human nature develops, we shall be able to draw our nourishment direct from the sun, without the medium of food at all. The psychic influence of light deserves a volume to itself.

Every child loves to paddle in the rain till it is taught to fear it, grouse about it, and even forget its use.

Children love running about barefoot on the dewy grass till they are told that they will catch cold, or spread their feet; and if this does not discourage them, they are made to believe that they are too old.

Why anyone should ever be too old to do anything that makes him feel happier or better, nobody is able to explain.

We seem just to be educated into getting old, and we should revolt from this tyranny.

Sleep is not only a great beautifier and nerve balm, but it brings us into touch with another world, the world of immortal youth, through our subconscious selves.

After a long, natural, undrugged sleep, we wake with a happiness that is positively contagious.

Cast out all fear of ever being a care to anyone when you get old. It is in your own hands and your own heart, whether rich or poor, sick or well, to be a burden or a blessing—and the secret of your power is **Love.**

XXIII.—Fear of Death

I HAVE wondered why I did not recognise all my blessings when they came to me, because they sometimes masqueraded as sorrows and disappointments.

I have wondered why I was once afraid of growing old when now I love it.

I have wondered why I ever felt a fear of death when now I understand how little it separates those we love from us, how great is the influence of the dead, and what an important part death plays in life and in all nature.

I see the earth covered with dead leaves, the trees bare and the once beautiful gardens colourless. The sun only slants gently upon the earth, and we call this winter. The fields are strewn with manure and ill-smelling chemicals to enrich the ground for cultivation in the spring.

The rubbish heaps stare at us with their ac-

cumulation of waste and decay. But all is of use.

Then comes the spring with its biting winds, thaws and floods; and the warm sun brings the sap back into the trees. The vegetables, fruits and flowers grow, and the insects creep out of the earth, called by the sun.

Do not fear the winds and rains that beat upon the weary earth. Remember they shake the sap into the trees.

The sun—and love and understanding—bring life out of all this seeming death.

Remorse is only a guide post which we pass on the road of life, to remind us to choose our destination. It should not be used as a resting place.

Let us rid ourselves of the thought currents that fill our streets with live bodies and dead souls, millions of starved spirits wandering aimlessly over the earth, haunted by their respective fears.

These are the real dead.

Let us cast out all Fear.
Let the sun in at our windows.
Let the sun into our souls.

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